

NEWS

FROM BOTH

UNIVERSITIES.

CONTAINING,

R *(S)*
I. Mr. COBB's *Tripes* SPEECH at
Cambridge, with a Complete Key
inserted.

II. The BRAWNY PRIEST : Or, the
Captivity of the Nose. A POEM.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. ROBERTS near the Oxford Arms
in Warwick-lane. 1714.

IN FIVE

FROM BOTH

UNIVERSITIES

CONTAINING

I. Mr. Cobden's Speech at
Cambridge, Complete Key



II. The Bazaar of the East: Or, the
Captivity of the Novice, A Poem

LONDON

Printed by J. G. Smith, at the
British Museum, 1841

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TRIPPOS CANTABRIGIENSIS.

19 FEB. 170 $\frac{1}{2}$.



CCE iterum Crispinus ——— Ego
hic regno Caesar; sed periclitatur
vita mea. Vos igitur Sophistæ!
circumcingite Satellites ———

Spectatum admissi, risum teneatis, amici?

*Antequam verò inceperit hac Comedia nostra,
more majorum laudatissimo, in primâ fronte in-
tret Prologus, quem, ut sciam commensales quid
velit Trippos, Anglicè donavimus.*

'Twas well, when our Forefathers did agree,
That the grave Doctors should sit there and
see

Their Follies banter'd by a Knave like me.
And wisely manag'd to begin their *Lent*
With one who swears he'll make you all re-
pent ;

B

Who

Who ne'ertheless intends not to displease ye,
 He'll mortify, but make the Pennance easy.
 He'll touch the Wound with a most cautious
 Art,

And for a Cure he'll play the Surgeon's part,
 With Lady's Hand, but with a Lion's Heart.
 Nor shall I think my Labour lost about ye,
 If I perceive you mend, tho' I much doubt ye.
 Nor need you fear that I shall e'er disclose
 The Secrets that are whisper'd *inter Nos*.
 For we all know it breaks a General Rule
 Of Decency, to tell Tales out of School.
 Tho' some well-meaning Men report the Jeer
 Will prove malicious, barbarous, severe.
 Sure you don't think me born of Tygers Race.
 Is ought so frightful in this harmless Face?
 Tho' still if I prove partial, I'm mistaken,
 I'll take you as you are, of your own making,
 Nor shall one *Iohnian* Doctor save his Bacon.
 A thing inseparable from Derision,
 As Accidents of Logical Inhesion.
 So much for Prologue. And upon occasion
 I hope you'll say there's no Man in the Nation,
 Was e'er so tender of your Reputation.
 How will it please me, when you cry, That's he
 Who gently purg'd the University,

And

And softly did reprove the senseless Doctors
In the Reign of Jack Cooper and Ambery the
Proctors.

*Quæstiones quas in beneficium Doctorum hodie
proposuimus, sic instituuntur. Tripus Cantabri-
giensis est solus atque unicus Academiae Refor-
mator.*

Totus mundus agit Histrionem.

*Dignissime Dom. Dom. Procancellarie, Nobilissimi
Juvenes, Veneranda Capita, sive annos; sive in-
genium spectamus, verè gravissima, Viri non un-
dequaque ornatissimi, Auditores malè audi-
entes,*

Turba Sophistarum clarissima Σειροεργάται,

*Si quid veri ex aureo Tripode unquam garriverit
Apollo, idem à me audituri huc convenistis, quip-
pe quòd sum Oracula daturus, pariter vera, nec
minus ambigua. Neque tamen ideo mihi Apollo
esse videor, quia tot in me conspicuæ sunt maculae,
sed quòd (ut olim ille Delphis fecisse dicitur) Ego
unus ex Baccalaureis recens creatis, admissus sum
ad respondendum Quæstioni. Si quis igitur ex
me citatus fuerit, quid sentiam de Dignissimo
Dom. Dom. * Procancellario, hoc mihi in promptu*

* Dr. R———n Master of Peter-House, a modest Man.

*est respondendum, quòd non similis est * Antecessori suo, neque ingenio, neque modestiâ, neque ædibus. Si quis etiam scire vellet quid statuo de Procuratoribus nostris, hoc soleo respondere, quòd hic sit Cæsar, ille Bibulus; unum enim faciunt Procuratorem. Si quis est qui ad me venit questus, & interrogans, Domine Tripos, quando habituri sumus taxatores non miserrimè taxantes? Cùm non sint † Regales. Quando Doctrina, Philosophia, Ingenium, & Theologia coalescent? Cùm in pulpito audiat predicanter || mutum Doctorem. Quando ruet Academia, marcescet honos, confundentur Sophistæ, tremescent Scholæ, & fugiet humanitas? Cùm tota Academia gubernabitur sub *|| Lepore.*

Sed omissis jam oraculis ad planam veritatem perveniamus.

And now, ye roaring Roysters all,
Who loud as at Bear-garden bawl,
Know here the Doctors sit at stake,
And I'm halloo'd my Neck to break,
Unless you save your Favourite when he fall.

Sed quoniam nihil factum est sine ordine & dispositione priùs consideratâ, ut hic & ille jocum non

* Dr. B——y, Master of Trinity College, Vice-chancellor the Year before, proud and imperious.

† Of Kings College.

|| He was a Fellow that had never preach'd.

* The Fellow's Name was H—e.

indignetur, plane videbitis, lenioris mei ingenii æquitatem.

But e'er we do begin to roam
Abroad, 'tis fit we look at home,

*Salvete itaque pulcherrimæ Coll. Trinitonienſis
* ædes, dignæ futuro Duce Gloceſtrenſi ! ut in-
gens aſſurgit moles !*

Ut Domus illa nitet ſublimibus alta fenestris !

*Quam lucidus ! quam æconomicus ædificii tam
ſplendidi foret ordo, ſi & mihi † quoq; fenestræ
erant Shafhandæ ! Nova mania, nova lumina,
nova omnia præter magiſtrum ! Qualis ille quan-
tusque vir ! Quâ Majestate auxit Henrici Fun-
datoris ædem adeo ut mihi videor coram intueri
redivivum Cardinalem Wolfæum, niſi quod hic
Collegia diruit, potius quam ædificat. Memini-
ſtis enim vos Trinitonienſes noſtri ſpatia ampla
|| Theatri ; in quo florebant olim venuſtas, lepos,
comitas, jocas ; (nunc æterni exules) nullo nunc
mania reboant plaufu, niſi quem edunt mallei &
ſecures. Sed aiunt ipſum non penitus evertiſſe,
ſed tantum reformâſſe profanum illum locum impro-
faniorum vulgo dictum a Tying Room.*

* The Maſter of Trinity-College had his Lodgings made ve-
ry fine.

† His Windows were the vileſt in the whole College, ſcarce
an whole Quarry in them.

|| They had a Theatre in Trinity-College.

So much Pains has he took to reform a bad Age,
And, what Collier could never do, ruin'd the
Stage ;

With Wit and Reproving, the other began,
And rally'd and rail'd like a well-meaning
Man.

But our Doctor had found a more fortunate
Hit,

He knew Axes and Hatchets were sharper
than Wit.

So the young Son of Philip, when he could
not pretend

T' untie the Knot, cut it, and there was an
end.

*Sed insalubre est domi semper manere, migremus
igitur foras ; neque abs re erit si ab uno Regio
Collegio ad * alterum transeamus, ut omnia fiant
methodicè. Sed quid ibi video ; omnes vetulos,
nigros, meique similes. At quis es qui mihi ex
adverso venis.*

Quid curvi in terris oculi & cælestium inanes ?

*Unde est quod tam torvo vultu me intueris ? Dic
Spectrum. An es Ultrix Tisiphone nuper ex in-*

* Kings College.

feris elapsa ut humanum genus cruciares? Responde, aut si quid plus Stygis sapias effare—† Ego sum malus omnium Genius, præcipuus Sophistarum terror, meretricum flagellum violentissimum, & Tripodis perditissimus hostis—Vah, apage, I, fuge, curre, ad Inferos te corripe, aut, quod idem est, ad amicos—Profecto mei dilectissimi Sophistæ, pro me misere horrui, parum enim abfuit quin me in ungues suos malitiose prehensisset—Sed in melius cessit fortuna, nam in oppositum suum, in bellum nempe homuncionem, nos iniecit scilicet in || defunctum procuratorem, quem in Curriculo pulverem Miltonianum collegisse juvat. Per quas valles rapitur non auriga piger! Quos campos ungue Pegaseo quatit caballus!

As fleet as any Spanish Jennet,
When Boreas blows Conception in it.

Sed ab agris, ab amicis, & ex plauustello suo ipsum eripiamus, & in cubiculum vehamus, & quid ibi agitur, videamus. Ah! quoties in speculo se viderit, alterum! Quoties surgente mane, & decedente nocte seipsum compellaverit! O speculum, inquit, omni luce clarius nisi eâ quam reflectis! Quisquis es, Pulcherrime, qui me repræsentare soles, quid a tergo speculiat? osculare, quid fugis? quid meis non inheres labris?

† This he speaks of one of the Proctors.

|| Mr. Noys, who has been Proctor, and used to go to a Town called Milton, to preach there.

Certe

—Certe nec forma, nec ætas
Est mea quam fugias, & amarunt me quoque
Nympha.

*Cum imagine suâ frui non possit, prob dolor!
prob infandum nefas! fregit illud monstrosum spe-
culum, hoc consilio, ut videret quis nebulo ini-
mico sub vitro lateret.*

So have I seen Grimalkin play,
And sporting paw on Looking-glass,
With wond'rous Gravity and Grace,
'Till she perceiv'd her Comrade steal away,
Then jumps behind to see her Face.

*Antequam verò relinquamus hoc Collegium jocan-
dis non jocantibus celeberrimum, fecundissimum
materiæ campum, de viâ salutemus Virum non
adeò bellum & concinnum, sed honestum & festi-
vum, non ob immensum speculum, sed ob ||| im-
mensam Faciem notissimum.*

A Man by his Regalians known
For * Timber measuring and Stone;
For they must needs be Architects,
Who are so us'd to eating † Bricks.

||| A Mathematician and broad platter-fac'd Fellow.

* He was very much given to the Study of Architecture.

† 'Tis a Custom at Kings College, when a Lad comes in af-
ter Prayers to Dinner, to lay a Brick on his Trencher.

Quid

*Quid putatis, Sophistæ? * Judex noster vertitur in amatorem, & Cupido in carnificem; nam amavit olim noster, nisi mentiatur—Ficti non semper nuntia fama; sed ignoscendus est: nam amor omnibus est communis, & velut mors aut variola, seriùs aut citiùs experiendus. Sensistis vos, Sophistæ, & senserunt Doctores—uxorii præsertim. Vereor etiam ne aliquando crudelis ille puer meum quoque pectus acerbo suo telo transfodiat! Quot noctes consumpsit ille! Quot emisit gemitus! Quoties querimoniis & literis amicam fatigavit! Si verò obstinatè negat, habeo in loculo meo testem indubitatum, argumentum non confutandum, epistolam scilicet ad Ocellam suam scriptam.*

The LETTER.

To the Paragon of all Beauty, my dear *Chloe*,
the Corner-stone of my Affections, the But-
tress of my Hopes, and the only Comfort of
a despairing Lover, These.

What's the Device? Oh (I perceive the Mag-
got)

'Tis *Hudibras's* Seal, a Burning Faggot.

* He was called *Judge* upon the account of his singular Gravity.

Improbe amor, quid non mortalia pectora cogis ?

That Rascal *Cupid* is the Occasion
 Of my continual Lamentation,
 And will (unless you give me Hope)
 Drive me to Dagger or a Rope.
 You'll kill me, as I told you often ;
 Nay, I've already bought my Coffin,
 Where I will lay my Bones secure
 From those hard Evils I endure.
 When I consider my hard Luck,
 I think some Tygres gave you suck,
 Or thou were't born (hard-hearted Honey)
 In *Flintshire*, or in *Stratford Stoney*.
 For none but Heart of rocky Stone.
 Cou'd e'er resist my constant Moan,
 Or Love as chaste as *Hymen's* Taper,
 Or bright as Candle wrapt in Paper.
 If you're resolv'd on my undoing,
 And unavoided is my Ruin,
 Yet I shall find you out, and know ye
 In Shades *Elysian*, cruel *Chloe* !
 Nothing but Scorn shall be between us,
 Like *Diao* to the Son of *Venus*.
 I'll die, if you'll not be my Wife,
 So ! ends my Letter, and my Life.

Mise-

*Miseram profectò Tragædiam, & deplorabilem sortis iniquitatem! attamen consideratis considerandis, in culpâ non fuit Chloe; nulla enim fœmina præter Europam unquam adamavit * Taurum. Valete jam tandem Regales. Indulgete jam aliquam Apostrophem ad Almam Matrem, & quàm liberali manu in filios suos spargit munera videamus, titulos & honores, adeo dives & fecunda, ut pueri fiant in Artibus Magistri †, & Promi || Baccalaurei. O immensam prodigalitatem! quasi Mater nostra tanquam Regina parturiit, ac filii ejus essent Principes simul ac nati. Sed quo feror? quid commisi? Profectò, mei Sophistæ, planè oblitus eram Procuratorum Junioris. Hip! Magister Awbery! Quæso des mihi veniam propter hanc offensionem, & posthâc tui non obliviscar. Sed quoniam Reformator Academiæ sum constitutus, & meâ plurimùm refert universos pariter observare, tuam reformabo in equitando peritiam; & quanquam vester ipse Tripos nescit equitare, tamen vice cotis fungi possit. Imprimis igitur, cùm ad colles ||| Gogmagogmianos cum tuis *|| Jesuiticis sodalibus, qui laborant morbo quem vulgò vocamus the Hip, aeris imbibendi gratiâ, patulo ore hiscere velis, sic instructus sis.*

* The Fellow's Name was Bullock.

† A Bishop's Son was made Master of Arts, altho' a Boy, and of no standing in the University.

|| A Batchelor made Butler of a College.

||| Gogmagog Hills not far from Cambridge.

*|| Of Jesus College.

* When first you stride your merry Brute,
 Observe the Saddle and the Boot.
 Rise on your Left Side, never fail,
 Your Face else will be towards the Tail :
 And, when you would your Steed restrain,
 Your Bridle's better than the Main.
 Have a care of a Fall, nor be too severe ;
 Never stick in both Spurs to stop his Career.

*Sic tandem velut Rex creavi te equitem. Surge
 itaque, Sir Samuel Awberry. Nunc ad Doctores
 redeamus, & precipue Johannensem † peregrinantem indefessum.*

One who's in constant motion, always ambling,
 Whose Head is like his Heels, for both are
 rambling.

No Corner or College is free, but he's in it,
 At the || *Castle* and || *Spittle-house End* in a Minute.

He seems like Juglers Tricks where-e'er he
 goes :

Hey *Jingo*, Sirs, Where is he? At the *Rose* ;
Presto, begun ! he's at the *Market-cross*.

* This is the Fellow of whom there went a Story about *Ball's* throwing him.

† A Fellow who is continually loytering about the Town.

|| The two most distant Places in the Town.

If you'd allow him Scholarship, then he
 May well be call'd a walking Library,
 So much his Head doth with vast Learning
 swell,
 Full as an Egg, and of as thin a Shell.
 But enough ; for we never should have done
 talking,
 If we were no more weary than he is of
 walking.

*Requiescat igitur Viri Ingeniosissimi umbra, hoc
 solo superaddito Epitaphio, Defessus sumambu-
 lando. Neque tamen in Collegio Johanneſi ſo-
 lum verſatur jocus, habet & ſuum Benedicti-
 num, neque poſſum non reminiſci Pygmaei Ma-
 giſtri, * qui olim Nundinis Sturbrigienſibus
 tanto zelo in profanos ludos efferbuit, ut etiam ne
 ageret partes ſuas Punchanello prohibuit, hâc de
 cauſâ, (ut conjecturam faciunt ſapientiores) quod
 ipſum Doctorem ſtaturâ ſuâ videretur repreſen-
 taſſe.*

Sed ineſt ſua gratia parvis.

I wonder and I fain wou'd know
 Why he forbad a Puppet Show.

* The Maſter of Bennet College (a little Fellow) when he
 was Vice-chancellor forbad Plays, even ſo much as Puppet-
 Shows.

The Wise will say 'twas done with reason,
 For *Punch* was Jackish, and talk'd Treason.
 And Fortune's likely to decline us,
 When such short Rascals undermine us.
 Who knows how far he might advance?
 Perhaps the Rogue was brib'd by *France*.
 However he disguise his Part,
 I know there's Malice in his Heart.
 But who can any Harm acquire
 From a small Gentleman in Wire?
 And what can e'er proceed that's odd
 From tiny things like Master * *Modd*?

Jam Doctores aliquantulum dormiatis securi, habemus etiam Artium Magistros vobis proximos, sed longo intervallo; nunc vos rideatis, nam ridendum est, neque peregrè migrandum est, donec unum ridiculum inveniamus. In promptu enim est priusquam è Collegio Benedictino exeamus, qui † Lector humanitatis apud suos Sophistas habetur, quos sic compellârit: Vos dilectissimi Sophistæ, prævaluit consuetudo in hoc nostro antiquissimo Collegio, ut singulo quolibet Terminò, ad acuenda vestra ingenia, Thema aliquod proponatur, quare hoc vobis assigno Thema, Finis coronat opus.

* A very little Man of *Trinity College*.

† A Lecturer, who order'd his Sophs to make Themes on unheard of things.

Thus to his Sophs *Waller* said,
 Knight-Errant of the Shaking Head * ;
 Tho' he might with *Don Quixot* fight,
 For he's both Windwill, and the Knight.
 A thing design'd for nought but Show,
 A whining Lover, and a *Beaux* :
 As fine as a Peacock, as gay as a Fly,
 Like a Parrot he talks, and as pert as a Pye ;
 With a finical Grace, if his Hat he but cocks,
 Up it flies like the Lid of a Tobacco-box.

But pray, Sir *Tripes*, be n't a Critick,
 The Man, they say, is Paralytick,
 Or else a Fop, and who can find
 Cures for Diseases of the Mind ?

*Ego sanè eum mederi non possum—sed feram ad
 † Gonvilianos. Ibi floret Medicina, ibi Hippo-
 crates, qui & morbum & morbi causam, se pro-
 phetâ, ex suo quadrupede cognoscit. Nam ut Æs-
 culapius habuit Caprum pro Apothecario, Canem
 pro Chirurgo, sic ille habet Catum pro Astrologo.*

* One that always swings his Head about from one Shoulder
 to the other.

† *Gonvil*, a small College, where most of them study
 Physick.

A Doctor, as the Story goes,
 Caught an odd Fancy by the Nose,
 And would an Almanack compose.
 He knew the Outside of a Star,
 But thought it hung too high and far
 For mortal Eyes to judge or know
 When it should rain, or when't should snow.
 At last a Thought came very pat,
 Strait in a Rage he threw away
 His *Ptolomey*, cry'd, "*Eugenia*,
 And found the Secret in his Cat.
Partridge and *Dove* were Fools; for there
 When it should rain, it oft prov'd fair.
 A Weathercock was vain, for he could find
 No certainty in things that chang'd with every
 Wind.
 He knew when Thunder was a brewing,
 And Storms were hatch'd, by Puss's mewling;
 Could tell you when the Weather suits
 For Riding, if 'twould wet your Boots.
 For what then must this Doctor pass,
 If Puss become a Weather-glass?
 Who, tho', alas! of late she's dead,
 Is now a Constellation made,
 And rises with the *Dog*, to show
 Above, the Weather, as she did below.

*Catalogus Doctorum rariorum incompactorum,
quorum Auctio habebitur die 19^o Feb. 170 $\frac{1}{2}$. in
usum Sophistarum in Scholis Academicis, per Tri-
podem Doctorepolam, cum Privilegio Superiorum.*
Catalogues may be had of me and my * Bro-
thers.

Regula Auctiones sunt hæ.

He that bids very high's the Buyer,
Unless another Man bids higher.
They're perfect all, for ought I know,
Else you may look 'em over now.

Then first to begin with my worthy proposing,
Who'll buy any Doctors, fourteen to the Dozen?
I'll assure you they're fine ones, Come what
say you, Brother?

1 Broth. I'll give you two Groats. 2 Br. And
I'll give another.

You both bid like Chapmen, then since you're
so willing.

E'en take 'em, 'tis more than they're worth
by a Shilling,

But, I think, I have two or three Duplicates
more,

You'll ne'er find the like, tho' you look the
World o'er.

* Two Lads spoke with him.

At three Pence, once, twice, thrice, do ye
think it too much ?

I'll send 'em beyond Sea, they'll pass with the
Dutch.

[*Mr. Tripes pulls a Halter out of his Pocket.*]

Now if I must suspended be,
I'll die in merry Company ;
For tho' we weep at Friends in String,
Yet you'll all laugh to see me swing.
The Doctors knew it would be my turn
To hang, since *Tripes* hangs at *Tyburn* ;
But, e'er I fall, I'll make Confession,
I have been in a vile Transgression.
I told you all whatever I knew ;
You heard me, and you knew 'twas true.
The walking *Doctor* I did worry,
I beg his Pardon, and am sorry,
And since 'tis Custom, e'er we die,
To leave our Friend's a Legacy,
My Wit I leave, 'tis small, I grant it,
To Doctors, and to those that want it ;
And to the *Beaus*, as 'tis my Duty,
I'll leave my Dressing and my Beauty.
But now I hear my fatal Knell,
And so I take my last Farewell.

[*The*

[*The Sophs below in the Pit cry, A Pardon, a Pardon, a Pardon.*]

The PARDON.

To Our Trusty and Well-beloved, the Worshipful Mr. *Vice-Chancellor*, and the Heads of the Colleges, and others whom it may concern in our Famous University of Cambridge, We the Sophisters send Greeting.

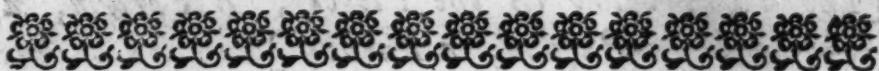
According to Our Sovereign Authority committed to Us this Day, we pardon our Trusty and well-beloved Sam. Cobb, for all and every Offence he has committed against the Upper and Lower House.

Witness our Hand and Seal.

Under which some Names were written, and seal'd with a Quart Pot.

Well, Sophisters, that I mayn't wrong ye,
Since you're so kind, e'en take the Rope among ye.

The



The EPILOGUE.

NOW after all the various Sports of Wit,
 I yield to You, who like the Senate sit
 In Robes demurely grave, as when the *Gaul*,
 Fierce *Brennus*, did besiege the *Capitol*.
 Tho' me more Human than the *Gaul* you've
 found ;
 I bow'd with Reverence, but gave no Wound.

* And now, Great Sir, to you I make
 address ;
 That I've been honest, you must needs confess.
 You've heard with how much Innocence I
 spoke,
 No scurril Satire, or ill-natur'd Joke ;
 How from Obscenity I could decline,
 Which always grates a Doctor's Ears and mine ;
 How nothing tended to malicious Ends.
 Then let us all shake Hands, and so part Friends.

* To the Vice-Chancellor.

Oxon

Oxon. Jan. 20. 17 $\frac{1}{4}$.

N A S U S

PREHENSUS.

Clystere nuper duriusculam paulò Alvum
Parabat solvere ille præpinguis
Pendente notus triplici mento
Cysteriensis Buphalus, gregis Præsul,
Obserterat jam terga fusus in sponda,
Et jam renudans vasta spatia lumborum,
Oculis gemellum porrigebat umbonem.
Arrepit humilis ponè cum tubo servus;
Cecamque tentat præviâ manu frustra;
Symplegadem laxare: spissior moles
Obstat, nec unus fistulam Dextrâ
Tenere Claustra, nec simul potest
Læva dispscere; Ergo qui ferant
Laboranti opem ministro, pressiusque
Conclusas utrinque referent fores viribus junctis,
Duos vocari Præsul imperat fratres:
Vocantur: Adsunt: Occupat suam quisque
Trahitque partem: Medius interim Cannam
Dum

*Dum Famulus aptat ; Capite propius admoto,
(Res adhuc procedebat bellè.)*

*Iusso muneri haud pares, ultra quos continebant
Cachinnis fratres remisere valvas solutis.*

*Ut miser servus coeunte bifidâ deprensus in portâ,
Diù retentum vix eduxerit Nasum.*



Imitated in English.

FAT *Buphalus*, his o'er-fed Paunch to ease,
And cure his burthenfome Disease,
A Clyster-pipe he does prepare
To force the Way, and the stopt Passage clear.

The stately Collups of his Triple Chin
Majestick on his Breast did lean.
He was an Abbot you may guess,
By these sure Signs you cannot judge him less.

Naked he on his Bed-side prostrate lay,
And did his monstrous Loins display ;
His Friends with Wonder all beheld
The mighty Breadth, resembling a huge Shield.

The Servant in one Hand the Engine brought ;
 The Bag was with warm Liquor fraught.
 With th'other Hand he strove, in vain,
 The double Mountain huge to part in twain.

For as he pull'd the Right-side Cheek away,
 The Left bore down with heavy Sway ;
 With vain Efforts he lab'ring strove,
 The mighty Hills still close together clove.

Two Brethren strait are summon'd to the Place,
 The poor laborious Slave to ease,
 And to assist with pious Care,
 To ope the fleshy Doors, which still adhere.

No sooner call'd, but see they both appear,
 With Strength united both prepare
 To assist ; then each Man takes a Cheek ;
 They part, and shew a Hole profoundly deep.

I'th' midst the Man apply'd his Instrument,
 And his Face still nearer bent,
 To view the vast Profundity.

(Things yet were carried well enough we see.)

When lo! a sudden Laughter seiz'd the Holy
Pair,

(At such a Jest who could forbear?)

Each Man let go his slipp'ry Hold,
 And with Elastick Force the Doors upfold.

While the poor careful Servant there applies
 His Instrument with busy Eyes,
 His Nose was caught, and stuck so fast,
 That 'twas with much ado got out at last.



By Death transported to th^e Eternal ^{Shore},
Souls so remov'd revisit us no more:
Engros'd with joys of a superior kind,
they leave the trifling Thoughts of Life behind.